

Magnum, Out Of The Shadows

There's a chance that they take, thrown in together
And decisions they make out of their hands
There's a nightmare in sight, goes on forever
And no one will take flight, everyone stands

Fifty-thousand lay dead, out of the shadows
Resurrectionists said, "oh what a sight"
And someone will get rich, cheating the gallows
As the scavenger flits all through the night

No one will cry
Everyone's writing their final goodbye

Under the skies of scarlet and black
Thousands of eyes, there's no turning back
Morning draws near, the hour is at hand
Soon to be over when ghosts walk this land

There's a picture to paint, broken and haggard
Propositioned too late, beggar's delight
Riders lay where they fall, bloody and ragged
To their mothers they call, frozen in fright

No one will cry
Everyone's writing their final goodbye

Under the skies of scarlet and black
Thousands of eyes, there's no turning back
Morning draws near, the hour is at hand
Soon to be over when ghosts walk this land

What a surprise, they march off to war
Nothing to give and nothing to score
It seems so clear, the final demand
Waterloo teeth from the ghost of a man